

*Metrical Translations from the Quatrains of 'Umar Khayyám.—By*  
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## I.

پرخون ز فراق ت جگرے نیست کہ نیست  
شیدای تو صاحب نظرے نیست کہ نیست  
با آنکہ نداری سر سودای کسی  
سودای تو در هیچ سرے نیست کہ نیست

There's not a heart but bleeds for thy disdain ;  
There's not a sage but has gone mad for thee ;  
And though for love thou giv'st no love again,  
There's not a brain that from thy love is free.

## II.

می در کف من نه که دلم در تاب است  
وین عمر گریز پای چون سیدہ اب است  
برخیز که بیداری دولت خواب است  
برخیز که آتش جوانی آب است

Drink, drink ! Like quicksilver I see with ruth  
Life from thee slide :  
And false is fortune, hope a dream, and youth  
Ebbs, like a tide.

## III.

زان پیش که غمها ت شب خون آرند  
فرمای بتا تا می گلگـون آرند  
تو زر نغ ای عاقل نادان که ترا  
در خاک نهند و باز بیرون آرند

Come and ere sorrows swarm up to harry us,  
Idol mine, blithely the wine-cup we'll drain.  
*We* are not gold that the rough hands that bury us  
Ever should care to exhume us again.

## IV.

ما لعبتک انیدم و فلک لعبت باز  
از روی حقیقتی نه از روی مجاز

بازیچه همی کنیم بر نط—ع وجود  
رفتیم بصندوق عدم یکدی—ک باز

We are but puppets danced by juggling fate,  
To trim the phrase no jot of truth I bate,  
On Being's board we serve to dress a play,  
And, played our little game,—we're packed away.

## V.

از خالق کردگار و از رب رحی—م  
نومید مشو بجرم عصیان عظیم—م  
گرمست و خراب مرده باشی امروز  
فردا بخشد بر استخوانهای رمی—م

Though steeped in sin, let no vain qualms be thine,  
Nor fear to meet thy Maker. Death atones.  
Die drunk and reprobate. His sun will shine  
As bland as ever on thy rotting bones.

## VI.

از آب و گام سرشته من چه کنم  
زین پشم و قصب تورشته من چه کنم  
هر نیک و بدی که آید از ما بوجود  
تو بر سر من نوشته من چه کنم

Earth, water,—such is the sum of us :  
Monk, priest,—Thou hast made us the same,  
Fame, shame,—all that may come of us,—  
Thine is the honour,—and thine is the blame.

## VII.

گر من ز صیغ مغانه هستم  
ور کافر و گبر و بت پرستم  
هر طایفه به من گمان دارند  
من ز آن خودم چنان که هستم هستم

I am drunk with old wine ? So I am.  
A rank libertine ? So I am.  
Let them think of me what they will,  
I am mine : As I am, so I am.

## VIII.

احوال جهان بر دلم آسان میکن  
 و افعال بدم ز خالق پنهان میکن  
 امروز خوشم بدار و فردا با من  
 آنچه از کرمت سزد بها آن میکن

Lighten my cares and my sorrow,  
 Hide from my fellows my guilt,  
 Keep me happy to-day,—and to-morrow  
 Deal with me as Thou wilt.

## IX.

فوجی متفکراند در مذهب و دین  
 جمعی متکحیراند در شک و یقین  
 ناگاه منادی بر آید ——— ز کمین  
 گای بیخبران راه نه آن است نه این

Some trust their church or creed to bear them out,  
 Some pray for faith, and tremble at a doubt.  
 Methinks I hear a still small voice declare  
 'The way to God is neither here nor there.'

“*Further Proofs of the Polygamy of Kálidása's Heroes.*”—  
 By G. S. LEONARD, *Assistant Secretary, Asiatic Society, Bengal.*

Bábu Prannáth Paṇḍit in a paper entitled ‘Morals of Kálidása,’ published in Part I, No. 3, 1876, of the Asiatic Society’s Journal, has raised the question of the Monogamy of Kálidása’s Heroes, from which Mr. Grierson of Rangpur has dissented, and in support of which opinion he has adduced some proofs. As I quite agree with Mr. Grierson on this point, I beg to produce some further proofs to show that the majority of Kálidása’s Heroes practised polygamy.

I begin with Dushyanta, and adduce the following passages from the drama of Sakuntala, in which he is a principal actor, and where Kálidása the author has not scrupled to declare the polygamy of his hero, like that of the majority of Indian Princes, both in ancient and modern times. In the first place Dushyanta’s admiration of the surpassing beauty of the woodland maidens, *viz.*, Sakuntala and her two companions, and his comparing them with